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FROM



UNDER

THE OLD WHITE HAT.

WRITTEN BY

Old-Time Editors and Reporters of the Tribune.



New York:

PUBLISHED BY FAY & COX,
No. 183 WILLIAM STREET,

1872.

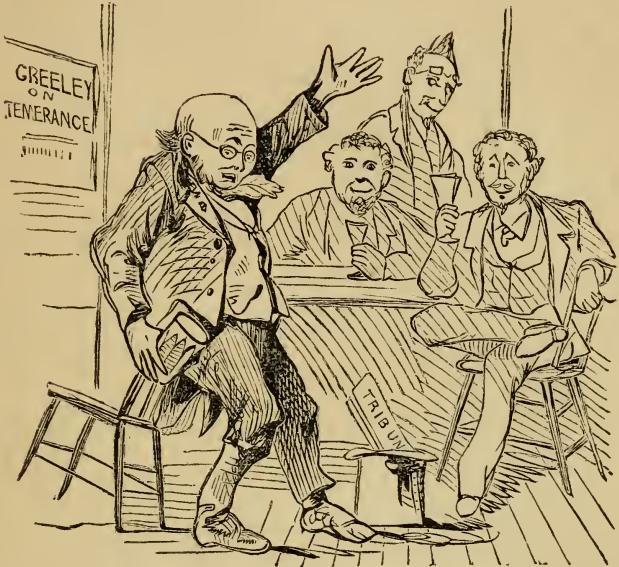
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In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

*Printed by the
Journeymen Printers' Co-operative Association,
30 Beekman Street, New York.*

*Fay & Cox, Engravers,
183 William St.*

Fun from Under the Old White Hat.



Mr. Greeley's First Great Temperance Lecture.

The laying of the Atlantic cable was celebrated by a dinner in the Metropolitan Hotel. Many old New York merchants, who had been farmers and country mechanics in their boyhood days, were among the guests. One of the latter was Horace Greeley, who occupied a seat near the presiding officer. Many of the old merchants appeared with old steel watch-guards, and antiquated swallow-tail coats. Mr. Greeley wore his usual claw-hammer. The merchants did not understand the French bill of fare, and, without waiting for the regular course, many of them ordered the waiters to bring up beefsteak. Mr. Greeley followed suit. When the wine was brought on, the majority of the company drank freely. Mr. Greeley placed his hand over his glass, and refused to accept wine, saying that he drank only water.

Warren Leland, the proprietor of the hotel, felt much chagrined at Mr. Greeley's action. He went to him and said: "Now, look here, Horace, this is not treating your old neighbor right. You and I have been farmers for years together. You have borrowed my harrow and I have borrowed your plow. When I wanted a scythe I went to your

"owl train," and to get that train one had to cross the Delaware River in a row-boat, and there was but one boatman. He was easily secured, and that route was blocked. The telegraph was kept open at a fee of \$2 an hour ; but that gave a privilege only, not an exclusive right. It was near midnight, and now Mr. Colston's business was to get rid of the other reporters. He began playing ten-pins, purposely lost every game, treated his brethren of the press to milk punches on each game, but took soda himself, on the plea of sickness. The reporters tiring of the ten-pins, he proposed to read the book of four kings, and so they played cards. Mr. Colston went out at 1 o'clock A. M., and reported no agreement, and prospect dim. The other reporters grew sleepy under their repeated punches, and after exacting from the barkeeper a solemn promise that he would call them as soon as the jury rendered their verdict, they went to bed. In a short time the doors were opened—the jury was in the hall—it was near three o'clock on Saturday morning, and the jury had agreed. Leaving the other *Tribune* reporter ostensibly to copy the verdict, and thus mislead the other reporters, Mr. Colston walked up behind a jurymen, whose confidence he had gained, and the latter slipped the verdict, which he had written, into his hands. Mr. C. quietly slipped out of the room, and made good time to the telegraph office in the same building, and directed the operator to send it through instantly. He then went into the bar-room, and said to the jurors, "Come, gentlemen, you have had a long siege ; let us take drinks all round." As soon as the barkeeper finished one job, Mr. C. called again to keep the liquor-mixer busy. Hearing him say he "must call those reporters," Colston crowded into the passage at the end of the bar, saying, "Bar-tender, you have been hard worked night and day, and so have I. Let's you and I have a square drink together," and they did. It was now half an hour after the jury's return, and the other *Tribune* man signalled to Mr. Colston that the verdict was through, and the telegraph office closed. It was daylight, and one of the sleepy reporters had arisen. Looking into the street he saw Mr. Rogers, the foreman of the jury, plodding homeward. Throwing up the window, he cried out, "Have you agreed ?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. R., who was eminently a joker, "do you want the verdict ? If you do, get the New York *Tribune*—that will be up in the morning train." We will not try to express the feelings of the reporters of the *Herald* and *Times*. Some, on their return to the city, were discharged, and some were forgiven. The extra cost of this triumph for the *Tribune* was put into the general account as "for whisky and expenses, \$60." When Mr. Greeley heard of it he asked "Ott" to "rise and explain." That was easy to do, though the diabolical particulars were not then divulged. Mr. Greeley quieted down by saying, "That's an awful whisky bill, and for Jersey lightning. It's the first one the *Tribune* ever had ; but I guess we must pay it."

Horace and a Friend Drinking Brandy and Water.

In June, 1858, the first annual excursion party of the New Jersey Editorial Association started from Jersey City for Paterson. The party included sixteen carriage-loads of editors and reporters, among them

Horace Greeley. It was a sultry, dusty day, and the procession halted at the half-way house to water and rest the horses. After an ample collation, which was in waiting, followed the champagne, and soon all were merry drinking. In the height of the feast a wag stepped up to Mr. Greeley, who was standing in front of the bar, and, slapping him on the back, in a loud tone said: "Horace, let's you and me take a glass of brandy and water." Mr. Greeley replied: "Yes, you can take the brandy, and I will take the water;" and as they did so the bar-room rang with laughter.

Horace Treats.

One evening in November, 1831, while the young economist was working in the printing-house in Chatham street, he astonished his fellow-workmen by marching into the office encased in a new suit of clothes. There was no mistake about it. Horace had seen a second-hand clothes dealer, and been made outwardly another man. Slowly and with a dignified step he marched up to the imposing stone, about which the men were gathered, and looking down complacently upon his new suit, said, as he waved his hands aloft:

"Well, boys, and how do you like me now?"

"Why, it's Greeley," shouted one of the men.

They gave him three rousing cheers and laughed and turned him about. Finally, one of them reminded him of the ancient tax which has been levied from time immemorial upon new suits. He said:

"Greeley, you must treat upon that suit."

"Yes, yes, a treat," shouted one and all.

"Come along, boys, I'll treat," said the good-natured Horace.

They adjourned to the old grocery on the corner of Duane street. There the boys drank whatever suited them, Horace indulging in spruce beer.

The suit cost him five dollars. No record exists of the cost of the treat.

A Maine Law Story.

Mr. Greeley tells some piquant stories in his temperance speeches. Here is one of them:

"We don't sell spirits," said a law-evading beer-seller; "we will give you a glass; and then, if you want a biscuit, we'll sell it to you for six cents." The "good creature" was handed down, a stiff glass swallowed, and the landlord gave his customer a biscuit. "Well, no, I think not," said the customer; "you sell 'em too dear. I can get lots of 'em five or six for two cents anywhere else."

What Horace Knows About Wines.

Several years ago a dinner was given in the Astor House, at which the speeches touched upon some of the important interests of the day. The unsophisticated Horace noticed the banquet editorially, winding

up with a sharp allusion to the convivial character of the party, naming Heidsick and champagne as among the liquors disposed of. When he entered the editorial room the next morning several editors were at work who had noticed their chief's amusing blunder. Mr. Charles A. Dana, then managing editor of the *Tribune*, rallied him upon his innocence in making Heidsick and champagne two wines. Looking blandly upon his co-workers, Mr. Greeley retorted: "Did I do that? Well, I guess I am the only man in this office that could have made that mistake."



Mr. Greeley on Election Night.

No other man in this country has such extensive knowledge of political statistics as Horace Greeley. His memory of bygone votes is prodigious; from the days of Jackson and Adams he has a clear remembrance of every important election, who were the candidates and how the people voted. To see Horace in his perfect element one must be near him on the night of a general election. He will work all day at the polls—a man who does not vote some ticket he detests, and he has never failed to vote and try to get others to do so. Before any returns

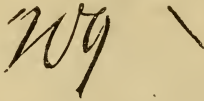
arrive, he will be at his desk. As they are received they are forthwith sent to him. If they show no particular change, he will run them over with current comment, such as "We gain ten in Milford," "There's a small loss in Naugatuck—the railroad strike hurt us," and so on, rapidly making a table comparing with a previous vote. Here comes another dispatch; "Ugh, eh-ha," he mutters—that signifies an unexpected loss. A third dispatch, with a large list of gains: "Hoo!" startles the bystander, who looks around for Indians; "Wha-hoo-oo" again, starting the very roof; and these fearful bursts continue at intervals until the list is complete; then he grabs his pen and settles down with a chuckling laugh and the satisfactory expression, "We've got 'em sure." Of a loss where Mr. Greeley rather disliked his party candidate, he would say, with a comical smile, "That hoss is dead—his eyes is sot."



A Newspaper Beat.

Mr. Greeley lives and votes in Westchester County, N. Y., and election returns from that county stand in his view as the most important facts that ever did, do, or can exist. A failure to get the county canvass promptly by any sub-editor charged with the duty would cost the delinquent his head. One year "Ott" sent the same Mr. Colston who had done Camden and Amboy, to get this canvass. On the way to White Plains he heard of a terrible accident on the Harlem road in which lives had been lost. He left the canvass to itself, pushed on to

the scene of the accident, near Chatham Four Corners, where, on a sharply curving embankment, a gale had actually blown a train from the track. Several cars had been wrecked, and many lives had been lost. Mr. Colston gathered all the facts and pushed homeward, arriving shortly after midnight. At White Plains he learned that the Supervisors had done little more than organize as canvassers and adjourn. The *Tribune* was the only newspaper in New York that had an account of the railroad accident; but there was no report, save a line or so, of the Westchester County canvass, while some other journals had a paragraph. Mr. Greeley called Mr. Colston up and gave him the severest tongue-chastisement that a reporter ever suffered. He (Mr. G.) didn't care for the accident; he wanted the Westchester figures, and here the *Tribune* had been beaten all to nothing in his own county. He berated poor Colston so roundly that Mr. John F. Cleveland, editor of the *Tribune Almanac*, felt impelled to remonstrate. Mr. Greeley, on second thought, made an apology which did credit to his heart as well as his head.



Horace's Initials.

"Tell the man this isn't 109," said an uptown landlady to her servant, to whom Horace had given his card with the modest initials, "H. G." And the card was sent down stairs to Mr. Greeley. He looked at his hieroglyphics, saw the point, quietly bade the servant tell her mistress it was Mr. Greeley and soon the whole household had a hearty laugh over it.

Where Horace Had General Webb.

One of the "good things" of Mr. Greeley dates from 1844. In that year, James Watson Webb's *Courier and Enquirer* was a ponderous, if not a powerful, newspaper, and Gen. Webb delighted in "prodding" Mr. Greeley. Finally, a gratuitous attack upon the "Philosopher," for his carelessness in apparel, awoke Horace and ended in squelching Webb. Mr. Greeley wrote thus:

"As to our personal appearance, it does seem time that we should say something. Some donkey, a while ago, apparently anxious to assail or annoy the editor of this paper [the *Tribune*], and not well knowing with what, originated the story of his carelessness of personal appearance, and since then, every blockhead of the same disposition, and distressed by a similar lack of ideas, has repeated and exaggerated the foolery. * * * *

"That the editor of the *Tribune* ever affected eccentricity is most untrue: and, certainly, no costume he ever appeared in would create

such a sensation in Broadway as that James Watson Webb would have worn but for the clemency of Governor Seward. Heaven grant our assailant may never hang with such weight on another Whig Executive. We drop him!"

Pivotal Point in Horace's Life.

In 1837, Mr. Edward H. Purdy bought the *Jefferson County Democrat* of Mr. Howe, who, two years before that date, had been one of Horace Greeley's fellow-workmen on William T. Porter's *Spirit of the Times*. As Mr. Purdy intended to change the *Democrat's* politics, and make it the *Jefferson County Whig*, he naturally began his work of transformation by clearing away all the old manuscripts, and in doing so he found a letter from Mr. Greeley, in reply to Mr. Howe's offer of a one-half interest in the *Democrat*. Horace said that he had just returned from an extended visit to his relatives in New Hampshire, and that he had spent all the money he had saved in the *Spirit of the Times* office. "But for that," continued Horace, "I would gladly have accepted your offer of a half of the *Jefferson County Democrat*." The spending of all his money in New Hampshire was certainly the most satisfactory joke in Mr. Greeley's eventful life, since through it he escaped an inglorious career of drudgery in the dead and never-to-be-revived village of Sackett's Harbor.

Starting on Nothing.

A young man, who used to do what he called "newspaper work," thinking he had captured a grand idea out of which he "knew" he could make a fortune if he only had the money to start with, found his way to Mr. Greeley one evening, from whom he hoped to be able to borrow a trifle. He unfolded his plans, and gave a very flattering estimate of the grand prospects he had, finishing up with the suggestion that if he (Mr. G.) would accommodate him with say a hundred dollars, he would refund it promptly with handsome interest. Mr. Greeley advised him whatever he did not to start by getting into debt, and the best thing he could do in view of his being so certain about his prospects, was to go to work and save a hundred dollars, which would enable him not only to save the interest but also to feel independent. The young man's mind was overflowing with obstacles on the "working" part of the question, which Mr. G. tried to solve by telling him the story of a Yankee who lately settled down in the West:

"He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him: 'Wal, I reckon you hain't got no old hen, or nothing you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you neighbor?' 'I will lend you one with pleasure,' replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest one in the coop. The Yankee took the hen home and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched a dozen chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea. He would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs. This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he

did so: 'Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent, nuther.'"

The young man expressed the opinion that the Yankee was not strictly honorable. Mr. G. expressed the same opinion, and the solicitous young genius bade Mr. Greeley good night.

The Cost of Horace's Cleanliness.

While Mr. Greeley was traveling in Italy, in 1851, the diligence stopped one morning at Chambery, Savoy, for breakfast. The bill of the veteran journalist was a half franc greater than that of his fellow-travelers. When the journey was resumed, Mr. Greeley turned to a gentleman and said:

"Neighbor, why was I charged three francs for breakfast, and the rest of you but two and a half?"

"Don't know; perhaps you had tea or coffee."

"No, sir; don't drink either."

"Then perhaps you washed your face and hands?"

"Well, it would be just like me."

"Oh, then, that's it. The half franc was for the basin and towel."

"Ah, *oui, oui*; so the milk in that cocoanut is accounted for."



That White Coat.

Mr. Greeley's white coat is historical. He speaks of it to an intimate friend thus:

"People suppose it's the same old coat, but it isn't. The original

white coat came from Ireland. An emigrant brought it out. He wanted money and I wanted a coat ; so I bought it of him for \$20, and it was the best coat I ever had. They do work well in the old countries—not in such a hurry as we do.”



Horace Eating to Live.

In 1840 Mr. Greeley was invited to tea. He was delayed by some means, and did not appear until the guests had all eaten. He became at once engaged in the discussion of the currency question. The landlady tried to persuade him to take some tea. He waved her off and continued to talk on his then pet subject.

“Take a cruller, any way,” she said, presenting a cake-basket filled with these articles.

He put forth his hand and took, not a cruller, but the basket, depositing it in his lap. He kept on talking. After a time his hand, with which he was gesticulating, touched a cruller. He took it up, and began eating, talking all the while of currency. He finished the cruller, and began another, and so on until all had been eaten, the guests meanwhile laboriously restraining themselves from laughing outright.

His hostess was in a fever of excitement. She knew that crullers, absorbed in large quantities, were next to indigestible. She had heard

that cheese liberally eaten would counteract their effect. The question was how to get Horace to eat the cheese without reminding him of his extraordinary feed with the crullers. A lucky thought came to her relief. She took the empty basket and put in its place a plate of cheese. Horace was, meanwhile, expounding his views on the currency question. He saw nothing of the change. Slowly the cheese disappeared as the crullers had done, and the great economist was saved the horror of an attack of dyspepsia. Horace never knew of this little episode, but the guests enjoyed it hugely.



You Can Call Again.

One of the every-day features of Mr. Greeley's life is his reception of applicants for pecuniary aid. The time-worn politician is the most prolific in arguments. It is he who sorely tries Mr. Greeley's temper. One instance is as good as many. One day during the war an incorrigible genius, in the way of appeal, stood behind Mr. G. as he was busily disposing of his correspondence, and thus delivered himself :

"Mr. Greeley, I come to you with a frankness inspired by dire necessity to ask that you will, in the great generosity of your heart of hearts, appropriate a dollar out of your ever-increasing resources to the glorious object of relieving one who never forgets a kindness, even when administered to his dog."

H. G. "You're drunk !"

Applicant. "Mr. Greeley, you are honest, but profoundly mistaken."

H. G. "I tell you, you're drunk !"

Applicant. "You hear me, but see me not."

H. G. "Go away, and come when you are sober."

Applicant. "Horace! Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
The fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold."

H. G. "That is whisky that is talking, I know it is."

Applicant. "Mr. Greeley, you're mistaken; it is Shakespeare."

H. G. "Well, shake yourself out and come some other time; you ought to be ashamed."

Applicant. "And when I call again, may I expect succor?"

H. G. "I didn't call you a sucker."

How Horace Answers Beggars.

Mr. Greeley is run down with begging letters. The following is a sample:

"DEAR SIR: In your extensive correspondence you have undoubtedly secured several autographs of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, will you please favor me with one, and oblige,
Yours, respectfully,
A. B."

To which Horace sent the following answer:

"DEAR SIR: I happen to have in my possession but one autograph of the late distinguished American poet, Edgar A. Poe. It consists of an I. O. U., with my name on the back of it. It cost me just \$51.50, and you can have it for half price. Yours,
HORACE GREELEY."

Horace on the Borrowers.

Speaking of the unnumbered beggars and borrowers who had annoyed him, Mr. Greeley once said:

"I consider it almost an axiom that he who asks a stranger to lend him money will never pay it. Yet I have known an exception. Once, when I was exceedingly poor and needy, in a season of commercial revulsion or panic, I opened a letter from Utica and found therein five dollars, which the writer asked me to receive in satisfaction of a loan of that sum which I had made him, a needy stranger, on an occasion which he recalled to my remembrance. Perplexed by so unusual a message, and especially by receiving it at such a time, when every one was seeking to borrow—no one condescending to pay—I scanned the letter more closely, and at length achieved a solution of the problem. The writer was a patient in the State Lunatic Asylum."

The True Philosopher's Stone.

Mr. Greeley's peculiarities of dress developed themselves at an early age. He was always rather shabbily clad, though always decently. During his apprenticeship he belonged to a debating society. One night he was to lead off on one of the sides in a public debate. A companion, whose dress was always elegant and whose "accounts" were correspondingly embarrassed, remonstrated with him and advised him to get a new suit for the occasion.

"No, said Horace, "I guess I'd better wear my old clothes than run in debt for new ones."



Mr. Greeley a Convict in New York.

Early risers in New York have frequently noticed the processions of prisoners on their way from the police courts to the boat which transports them to Blackwell's Island. One morning, while Mr. Greeley was walking down Fourth avenue, he was unconsciously entangled in one of these gangs of wretched prisoners. At the point where it turned off to go to the boat, Mr. Greeley pursued his onward course, whereat one of the officers having charge of the prisoners roughly said to him, "Get in the line there, old man!" Horace, really puzzled, retorted, "I am going down town." "Come, old man," said the officer (still mistaking him for a prisoner), "we don't want any of your airs, but

just move on." "But I must go down town and attend to my business," said the philosopher. "Oh, what business have you got down town?" queried the officer; "come, get along with you." "Why, I am Mr. Greeley, editor of the *Tribune*, and I have work to do." The officer called one of the policemen assisting him, and told him the story about this prisoner, and with his forefinger tapping his forehead, and looking significantly at Mr. Greeley, said, "He's a bad case—he's a goner." Just then a reporter passed, and at a glance taking in Mr. Greeley's predicament, told the officers how ludicrous a blunder they had committed. The policemen apologized, and Horace, hurrying to his desk, wrote a racy article on prison reform.

At Home under Certain Circumstances.

One night in the spring of 1853, while Dave Rhoades stood behind the counter in the publication office, in stumbled a poor, half-drunk printer, whom rum had thrown out of employment. He had just been up stairs and borrowed five dollars of Horace, and now he was down stairs boasting of it.

"I struck the old man for a fiver; how's that?" And he rung the changes of self-congratulation until Mr. Greeley himself stepped into the publication office. Instantly the able borrower approached him as though he had never seen him before, and coolly asked for five dollars. Mr. Greeley, mistaking the applicant for another, said:

"I let you have five dollars three months ago, and you promised to come and pay me back in a week."

Applicant. "I have called upon you several times, but couldn't find you in."

H. G. "Yes; you never find me when you have money to pay me, but you take good care to find me when you want five dollars."

Horace in Prison in Paris.

After an importunate Parisian creditor of the defunct New York Crystal Palace Association (of which Mr. Greeley was a director) had thrown him into Clichy Prison—the Ludlow street Jail of Paris—the great editor's imperturbable good humor was conspicuously shown in the following inimitable letter to the *Tribune*:

"I had been chosen defendant in several libel suits, and been flattered by the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than that of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I had been through twenty of our States, yet never have been in a jail outside of New York; and over half Europe, yet never looked into one. Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks; visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after, yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtor's prison. I should probably have gone away next week, as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous "Maison de Detention," or Prison for Debtors, 70 Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting, and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not, and I don't know

any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I can. So here goes.

"I had been down at the Palace of Industry, and returned to my lodgings, when, a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier, I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me, at the suit of one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the New York Palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him, wherefore he asked of me, as a director and representative of the Crystal Palace Association, to pay him "douze mille francs," or \$2,500. Not happening to have the change, and no idea of paying the demand if I had, I could only signify those facts; whereupon they told me that I was under arrest, and must go with them, which I willingly did. We drove circuitously to the sculptor's residence, at the other end of Paris, waited his convenience for a long half hour, and then went to the President Judge, who had issued the writ. I briefly explained to him my side of the case, and then he asked me if I wished to give bail. I told him I would give good bail for my appearance at court at any time, but that I knew no one in Paris whom I felt willing to ask to become my security for the payment of so large a sum as \$2,500. After a little parly I named Judge Piatt, United States Secretary of Legation, as one who, I felt confident, would recognize for my appearance when wanted; and this suggestion met with universal assent. Twice over I carefully explained that I preferred going to prison to asking any friend to give bail for the payment in any case of this claim, and knew I was fully understood. So we all except the judge drove off together to the Legation. There we found Judge Piatt, who readily agreed to recognize as I required; but now the plaintiff and his lawyer refused to accept him as security in any way, alleging that he was privileged from arrest by his office. He offered to give his check on Greene & Co., bankers, for the 12,000 francs in dispute as security for my appearance, but they would not have him in any shape. While we were chaffering Mr. Maunsell B. Field, United States Commissioner in the French Exposition, came along and offered to join Mr. Piatt in the recognizance, but nothing would do. Mr. F. then offered to raise the money demanded, but I said no; if the agreement before the judge was not adhered to by the other side I would give no bail whatever, but go to prison. High words ensued, and the beginning of a scuffle, in the midst of which I half unconsciously descended from the carriage. Of course I was ordered back *instantly*, and obeyed as soon as I understood the order, but we were all by this time losing temper. As putting me in jail would simply secure my forthcoming when wanted, and as I was ready to give any amount of security for this, which the other side had once agreed to take, I thought they were rather crowding matters in the course they were taking. So, as I was making my friends rather late for a pleasant dinner-party at the Trois Freres, where I had expected to join them, I closed the discussion by insisting we should drive off.

Crossing the Avenue Champs Elysees the next moment, our horses struck another horse, took fright, and ran until reined up against a tree, disabling the concern. My cortege of officers got out; I attempted to follow, but was thrust back very roughly, and held in with superfluous energy, since they had had abundant opportunity to see that I had no idea of getting away from them. I had, in fact, evinced ample determination to enjoy their delightful society to the utmost. At last they had to transfer me to another carriage, but they made such a parade of it, and insisted on taking hold of me so numerously and fussily (this being just the most thronged and conspicuous locality in Paris), that I came near losing my temper again. We got along, however, and in due time arrived at this spacious, substantial, secure establishment, No. 70 Rue de Clichy.

I was brought, in through three or four heavy iron doors, to the office of the governor, where I was properly received. Here I was told I must stay till nine o'clock, since the President Judge had allowed until that hour to find bail. In vain I urged that I had refused to give bail, would give none and wanted to be shown to my cell. I must stay here until nine o'clock. So I ordered something

for dinner, and amused myself by looking at the ball-play, etc., of the prisoners in the yard, to whose immunities I was not yet eligible, but I had the privilege of looking in through the barred windows. The yard is one of the best I have seen anywhere, has a good many trees and flowers; and as the wall is at least fifteen feet high, and another of twenty feet surrounding it, with guards with loaded muskets always pacing between, I should judge the danger of burglary or other annoyances from without to be very moderate.

My first visitor was Judge Mason, United States Ambassador, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, one of the attaches of the Embassy. Judge Mason had heard of my luck from the Legation, and was willing to serve me to any extent and in any manner. I was reminded by my position of the case of the prying Yankee, who undertook to fish out a gratuitous opinion on a knotty point in a lawsuit in which he was involved. "Supposing," said he to an eminent counselor, "you were involved in such and such a difficulty, what would you do?" "Sir," said the counselor, with becoming gravity, "I should take the very best legal advice I could obtain." I told Judge Mason that I wanted neither money nor bail, but a first-rate French lawyer, who could understand my statements in English, at the very earliest possible moment. Judge Mason left to call upon Mr. James Munroe, banker, and send me a lawyer as soon as could be. This was done, but it was eight o'clock on Saturday night, before which hour at this season most eminent Parisians have left for their country residences, and no lawyer of the proper stamp and standing could be or has yet been found.

At the designated hour I was duly installed and admitted to all the privileges of Clichy. By ten o'clock all of us lodgers had retired to our several apartments (about eight feet by five), and an obliging functionary came round and locked out all rascally intruders. I don't think I ever slept in a place so perfectly secure. At six this morning this extra protection was withdrawn, and each of us was thenceforth obliged to keep watch over his own valuables. We uniformly keep good hours here in Clichy, which is what not many large hotels in Paris can boast of.

The bedroom appointments are not of a high order, as is reasonable, since we are only charged four sous (cents) per night, washing extra. The sheets are rather of a hickory order (mine were given to me clean); the bed is indifferent, but I have slept on worse; the window lacks a curtain or blinds, but in its stead there are four strong upright iron bars, which are a perfect safeguard against getting up in the night, and pitching or falling out so as to break your neck, as any one who went out would certainly do. (I am in the fifth or highest story.) I have two chairs (one less than I am entitled to), two little tables (probably one of them extra by some mistake), and a cupboard which may once have been clean. The pint wash-bowl and half-pint pitcher, candles, etc., I have ordered and pay for. I am a little ashamed to own that my repose has been indifferent; but then I never do sleep well in a strange place.

Descending to the common room on the lower floor this morning, I find there an American (from Boston), who has met me often, and knew me at once, though I could not have called him by name. He seemed rather amazed to meet me here (I believe he last saw me at the Astor House), but greeted me very cordially, and we ordered breakfast for both in my room. It was not a sumptuous meal, but we enjoyed it. Next he made me acquainted with some of our best fellow-lodgers, and four of us agreed to dine together after business hours. Before breakfast a friend from the outer world (M. Vattermare) had found access to me, though the rules of the prison allow no visitors till ten o'clock. I needed first of all lawyers, not yet procurable; next law books (American), which M. Vattermare knew just where to lay his hands on. I had them all on hand, and my citations looked up long before I had any help to use them. But let my own affairs wait a little, till I dispense some of my gleanings in Clichy.

This is perhaps the only large dwelling-house in Paris where no one ever suffers from hunger. Each person incarcerated is allowed a franc per day to live on; if this is not forthcoming from his creditor, he is at once turned out to pick up a living for himself as he can. While he remains here he must have his franc per day, paid every third day. From this is deducted four sous per day

for his bedding, and one sous for his fire (in the kitchen), leaving him fifteen sous net, and cooking fire paid for. This will keep him in bread anyhow. But there exists among the prisoners, and is always maintained, a "philanthropic society," which by cooking altogether, and dividing into messes, is enabled to give to every subscriber to its articles a very fair dinner, for sixteen sous (eleven cents), and a scantier one for barely *nine* sous. He who has no friends but the inevitable franc per day, may still have a nine sous dinner almost every day, and a sixteen sous feast on Sunday, by living on bread and water, or being so sick as not to need anything for two days each week. I regret to say that the high price of food of late has cramped the resources of the "philanthropic society," so that it will be obliged to appeal to the public for aid. I trust it will not appeal in vain. It is an example of the advantage of association, whose benefits no one will dispute.

I never met a more friendly and social people than the inmates of Clichy. Before I had been up two hours this morning, though most of them speak only French, and I but English, the outlines of my case were generally known, my character and standing canvassed and dilated on, and I had a dozen fast friends in another hour; had I been able to speak French, they would have been a hundred. Of course, we are not all saints here, and make no pretensions to be; some of us are incorrigible spendthrifts—desperately fast men, hurried to ruin by associations with still faster women—probably some unlucky rogues among us, and very likely a fool or two; though as a class I am sure my associates will compare favorably in intelligence and intellect with so many of the next men you meet on the Boulevards or in Broadway. Several of them are men of decided ability and energy—the temporary victims of other men's rascality, or their own over-sanguine enterprise—sometimes of shipwreck, fire, or other unavoidable misfortune. A more hearty and kindly set of men I never met in my life than are those who can speak English; I have acquired important help from three or four of them in copying and translating papers; and never was I more zealously or effectively aided than by these acquaintances of to-day, not one of whom would I dare to offer money for the service. Where could I match this out of Clichy?

Let me be entirely candid. I say nothing of "Liberty," save to caution outsiders in France to be equally modest, but "Equality and Fraternity" I have found prevailing here more thoroughly than elsewhere in Europe. Still we have not realized the Social Millennium even in Clichy. Some of us were born to gain our living by the hardest and most meagrely rewarded labor; others to live idly and sumptuously on the earnings of others. Of course, these vices of an irrational and decaying social state are not instantly eradicated by our abrupt removal to this mansion. Some of us cook, while others only know how to eat, and so require assistance in the preparation of our food, as none is cooked or even provided for us, and our intercourse with the outer world is subject to limitations. Those of us who lived generously aforesaid and are in for gentlemanly sums, are very apt to have money, which the luckless chaps who are in for a beggarly hundred francs or so, and have no fixed income beyond the franc per day, are very glad to earn by doing us acts of kindness. One of these attached himself to me immediately on my taking possession of my apartment, and proceeded to make my bed, bring me basin and pitcher of water, matches, lights, etc., for which I expect to pay him—these articles being reckoned superfluities in Clichy. But no such aristocratic distinction as master, no such degrading appellation as servant is tolerated in this community; this philanthropic fellow-boarder is known to all as my "auxiliary." Where has the stupid world outside known how to drape the hard realities of life with figleaf so graceful as this?

So of all titular distinctions. We pretend to have abjured titles of honor in America, and the consequence is, that everybody has a title, either Honorable, or General, or Colonel, or Reverend, or at the very least, Esquire. But here, in Clichy, all such empty and absurd prefixes are absolutely unknown, even names, Christian or family, are discarded as useless, antiquated lumber. Every lodger is known by the name of his room only; mine is 139, and whenever a friend

calls, a "commissionaire" comes in from the outer apartments to the great hall sacred to our common use, and begins calling out "cent-trente-neuf" (phonetically san-tran-nuf) at the top of his voice, and goes on yelling as he climbs, in the hope of finding or calling me short of ascending to my fifth-story sanctuary. To nine-tenths of my comrades I am only known as "san-tran-nuf." My auxiliary is No 54, and when I need his aid, I go singing "sankan-cat," after the same fashion. Equality being thus rigidly preserved in spite of slight diversities of fortune, the jealousies, rivalries and heart-burnings which keep the rest of mankind in a ferment are here absolutely unknown. I never before talked so much with so many people, intimately acquainted with each other, without hearing something said or insinuated to one another's prejudice; here there is nothing of the sort. Some folks outside are here fitted with characters which they would hardly consider flattering; some laws and usages get the blessings they richly deserve—but among ourselves all is harmony and good will. How would Maurice's, the Hotel de Ville, or even the Tuileries, like to compare notes with us on this head?

Our social intercourse with outsiders is under most enlightened regulations. A person calls who wishes to see one of us, and is thereupon admitted through two or three doors, but not within several feet of us. Here he gives his card and two sous to a commissionaire to take it to No. —, of whom the interview is solicited. No. — being found, takes the card, scrutinizes it, and if he chooses to see the expected visitor, writes a request for his admission. This is taken to a functionary who grants the request, and the visitor is then brought into a sort of neutral reception room, outside of the prison proper, but a good way inside of the hall wherein the visitor has hitherto tarried. But let the lodger say no, and the visitor must instantly walk out with a very tall flea in his ear. So perfect an arrangement for keeping duns, bores (writ writers) even, and all such enemies of human happiness at a distance, is found scarcely anywhere else—at all events not in editors' rooms, I am sure of that. But yesterday an old resident here, who ought to have been up to trap, was told that a man wished to see him a moment at the nearest grate, and being completely off his guard, he went immediately down, without observing or requiring the proper formalities, and was instantly served with a fresh writ. "Sir," said he with proper indignation to the sneak of an officer, who had doubtless made his way in here by favor or bribery, "if you ever serve me that trick again you will go out of here half killed." However, he had mainly his own folly to blame; he should have stood upon his reserved rights, and bade the outsider send up his card like a gentleman, if he aspired to a gentleman's society.

And this brings me to the visiting-room, where I have seen very many friends during the day, including two United States Ministers, besides almost every one belonging to our Legation here, three bankers, and nearly all the Americans I know in Paris, but not one French lawyer of the standing required, for it seems impossible to find one in Paris to-day. This room can hardly be called a parlor, all things considered; but it has been crowded all day (ten to six) with wives and female friends, visiting one or another of us insiders—perhaps it may be most accurately described as the kissing room. I should like to speak of the phases of life here from hour to hour presented—of the demonstrations of fervent affection, the anxious consolations, the confidential whisperings, and the universal desire of each hasty *tete-a-tete* to respect the sacredness of others' confidence, so that fifteen or twenty couples converse here by the hour within a space of thirty feet by twenty, yet no one knows, because no one wishes to know, what any other couple are saying. But I must hurry over all this, or my letter will never have an end. Formerly Clichy was in bad repute on account of the facility wherewith all manner of females called upon and mingled with the male lodgers of the inner sanetum. All this, however, has been corrected, and no woman is now admitted beyond the kissing room, except on an express order from the Prefecture of Police, which is granted to only the well-authenticated wife or child of an inmate. The female prison is an entirely separate wing of the building. The enforcement of this rule is most rigid, and, while I am not inclined to be vainglorious, and do not doubt that other large domiciles in Paris

are models of propriety and virtue, yet this I do say, that the domestic morals of Clichy may safely challenge a comparison with those of Paris generally. I might put the case more strongly, but it is best to keep within the truth.

So with regard to liquor. They keep saying there is no prohibitory law in France; but they mistake if Clichy is in France. No ardent spirits are brought into this well-regulated establishment unless for medical use, except in express violation of the law; and the search and seizure clauses here are a great deal more rigorous and better enforced than in Maine. I know a little is smuggled in notwithstanding, mainly by officials, for money goes a great way in France; but no woman comes in without being felt all over (by a woman) for concealed bottles of liquor. There was a small flask on our (private) dinner-table to-day, of what was called brandy, and smelt like a compound of spirits of turpentine and diluted aquafortis (for adulteration is a vice which prevails even here), but not a glass is now smuggled in where a gallon used to come in boldly under the protection of the law. Wine being here esteemed a necessary, is allowed in moderation, no inmate to have more than one bottle per day, either of ten sous or twenty sous wine, according to his taste and means—no better and no more. I don't defend the consistency of these regulations; we do some things better in America than even in Clichy; but here drunkenness is absolutely prevented, and riotous living suppressed by a sumptuary law far more stringent than any of our States ever tried. And, mind you, this is no criminal prison, but simply a house of detention for those who happen to have less money than others would like to extract from their pockets, many of whom do not pay simply because they do not owe. So if any one tells you again that liquor prohibition is a Yankee novelty, just ask him what he knows of Clichy.

I know that cookery is a point of honor with the French, and rightly, for they approach it with the inspiration of genius. Sad am I to say that I find no proof of this eminence in Clichy, and am forced to the conclusion that to be in debt, and unable to pay, does not qualify even a Frenchman in the culinary art. My auxiliary doubtless does his best, but his resources are limited, and fifty fellows dancing around one range, with only a few pots and kettles among them, probably confuses them. Even our dinner to-day (four of us, two Yankees, an English merchant, and an Italian banker, dined *en famille* in No. 98), on what we ordered from an out-door restaurant (such are the prejudices of education and habit), and paid fifty sous each for, did not seem to be the thing. The gathering of knives, forks, spoons, bottles, etc., from Nos. 82, 63 and 139, to set the common table, was the freshest feature of the spread.

The sitting was nevertheless a pleasant one, and an Englishman joined us after the cloth was (figuratively) removed, who was much the cleverest man of the party. This man's case is so instructive that I must make room for it. He has been everywhere, and knows every thing; but is especially strong in chemistry and metallurgy. A few weeks ago he was a coke-burner at Rouen, doing an immense and profitable business, till a heavy debtor failed, which frightened his partner into running off with all the cash of the concern, and my friend was compelled to stop payment. He called together the creditors, eighty in number (their banker alone was in for 45,000 francs), and said, "Here is my case; appoint your own receiver, conduct the business wisely, and all will be paid." Every man at once assented, and the concern was at once put in train of liquidation. But a discharged employee of the concern, at this moment owing it 15,000 francs now in judgment, said "Here is my chance for revenge;" so he had my friend arrested and put here as a foreign debtor, though he had been for years in most extensive business in France, and was, up to the date of his bankruptcy, paying the Government 1,500 francs for annual license for the privilege of employing several hundred Frenchmen in transforming valueless peat into coke. He will get out by-and-by, and may prosecute his persecutor, but the latter is utterly irresponsible; and meantime a most extensive business is being wound up at Rouen by a receiver, with the only man qualified to oversee and direct the affairs in close jail at Paris. This is but one case among many such. I always hated and condemned imprisonment for debt untainted by fraud—above all, for suspicion of debt—but I never knew so well *why* I hated it as now.

There are other cases and classes very different from this—gay lads, who are working out debts which they never would have paid otherwise; for here in Clichy every man actually adjudged guilty of indebtedness is sentenced to stay a certain term in the discretion of the court—never more than ten years. The creditors of some would like to coax them out to-morrow, but they are not so soft as to go until the debt is worked out—so far, that is, that they can never again be imprisoned for it. The first question asked of a newcomer is, "Have you ever been here before?" and if he answers "Yes," the books are consulted, and if this debt is charged against him, then he is remorselessly turned into the street. No price would procure such a man a night's lodging in Clichy. Some are here who say their lives were so tormented by duns and writs that they had a friendly creditor put them here for safety from annoyance. And some of our humbler brethren, I am assured, having been once here, and earned four or five francs a day as auxiliaries, with cheap lodgings and a chance to forage off the plates of those they serve, actually get themselves put in because they can do so well nowhere else. A few days since, an auxiliary who had aided and trusted a hard-up Englishman forty-eight francs on honor (for all debts contracted here are debts of honor purely, and therefore are always paid), received a present of five hundred francs from the grateful *oblige*, when a few days afterward he received ample funds from his distant resources, paid everything and went out with flying colors.

To return to my own matter, I have all day been convincing one party of friends after another, as they are called, that I do not yet need their generously-proffered money or names, that I will put up no security and take no step whatever until I can consult a good French lawyer, see where I stand, and get a judicial hearing if possible. I know the judge did not mean or expect that I should be sent here when I left his presence last evening; I want to be brought before him forthwith on a plea of urgency, which cannot so well be made if I am at liberty. If he says I am properly held in duress, then bailing out will do little good; for forty others all about either have or think they have claims against the Crystal Palace for the damage or non-return of articles exhibited; if I am personally liable to these, all France becomes a prison to me. When I have proper legal advice, I shall know what to do; until then it is safest to do nothing. Even at the worst, I hate to have any one put up 12,000 francs for me, as several are willing to do, until I am sure there is no alternative. I have seen so much mischief from going security, that I dread to ask it when I can possibly do without. "Help one another," is a good rule, but abominably abused. A man in trouble is too apt to fly to his friends; hence half a dozen get in where there need have been but one. There is no greater device for multiplying misery than misused sympathy. Better first see if you cannot shoulder your own pack.

OUT OF CLICHY.—Monday Eve., June 4, 1855.—Things have worked to-day very much as I had hoped and calculated. Friends had been active in quest of such lawyers as I needed, and two of the right sort were with me at a seasonable hour this morning. At three o'clock they had a hearing before the judge, and we were all ready for it, thanks to friends inside of the gratings as well as out. Judge Piatt's official certificate as to the laws of our State governing the liability of corporators has been of vital service to me, and when my lawyers asked, "Where is your evidence that the effects of the New York Association are now in the hands of a receiver?" I answered, "the gentleman who was talking with me in the visitor's room when you came in and took me away knows that perfectly; perhaps he is still there." I at once sent for him and found him there. Thus all things conspired for good, and at four o'clock my lawyers and friends came to Clichy to bid me walk out without troubling my friends for any security or deposit whatever. So I guess my last chance of ever learning French is gone by the board.

Possibly I have given too much prominence to the brighter side of life in Clichy, for that seemed most to need a discoverer; let me put a little shading into the picture at the finish. There is a fair barber's shop in one cell in Clichy, which was yesterday in full operation; so, expecting to be called personally before the judge, and knowing that I must meet many friends, I walked down

stairs to be shaved, and was taken rather aback by the information that the barber had been set at liberty last evening, and there was not a man left in this whole concourse of practical ability able to take his place. So there are imperfections in the social machinery even in Clichy. Fourier was right; it will take one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight persons (the cube of twelve) to form a perfect social phalanx; hence all attempts to do it with two hundred fail and must fail. We had one hundred and forty-four in Clichy this morning, men of more than average capacity; still there are hitches, as we have seen. I think I have learned more than in any two previous days of my life. I never was busier; and yet I should feel that all over a week spent there would be a waste of time.



Horace Under the Dome of St. Peter's.

When Mr. Greeley reached Rome in his European trip, in 1851, he had become pretty well versed in the extortion practiced by Italian guides and porters. He reached his room in the hotel, and his two light carpet-bags, which had been taken from him below, were carried up-stairs by a porter who demanded a new fee.

"Don't you belong to the hotel?" asked Horace.

"Yes."

"Then vanish instantly."

A Ten Thousand Dollar Joke.

One of the most remarkable, and as it may be regarded most practical, jokes perpetrated by Mr. Greeley during his brilliant career as a journalist, was that which, in 1851, cost him \$10,000. At that time he was in almost daily conflict with the *Herald*, which he characterized as the "Satanic press," and he conceived, with the lamented Henry J. Raymond, the project of a Conservative newspaper which might steer between the *Tribune* and *Herald*, and at the same time help the *Tribune* to reduce the circulation of the *Herald*. To this end Mr. Greeley ad-

vanced \$10,000 toward establishing the *Times*, the agreement being that if further assessments should be necessary, any stockholder declining to pay such assessment, should forfeit the \$10,000 which he had already invested. Thus came into being the New York *Times*, and as that journal sunk \$150,000 before it yielded a dollar in dividends, Mr. Greeley lost his \$10,000.



Joe Coburn's Big Hand.

A day or two after Joe Coburn's great fight with an English pugilist some years ago, Joe was conveyed to the *Tribune* office, and there formally introduced to Horace Greeley by Mr. Isaac W. England, at that time city editor. Joe took the wrappings of muslin off his hand and showed it to the editor-in-chief, who briefly said: "Are you Joe Coburn?" "Yes, sir." "I judge you hold a strong hand." Exit Joe.

Mr. Greeley on French Politeness.

"Yes, they are," said the Philosopher, "a very polite people; and not only polite, but extremely hospitable. When I was in Paris they

were so careful lest I should come to grief that they locked me up in their State prison, where I should be safe from pickpockets and other vermin."

To Whom it may Concern.

In his lecture on "Great Men," Mr. Greeley says :

"It is a sad condition for a man to assume to be so great in his own estimation as to feel it incumbent upon him to appear to the world to know *everything*, as the probable result is that under such circumstances he would never find time to learn *anything*. Men may be what they will—asses if they prefer, in which particular I fear many will be left without any choice of being anything else."



The Rights of a Stump.

A charge having been made that Mr. Greeley sacrificed right to expedient, he told the following story :

"How is it, John," said an old farmer, "that you bring the wagon home in such a condition ?"

"I broke it driving over a stump."

"Where ?"

"Back in the woods half a mile or so."

"But why did you run against the stump ? Couldn't you see to drive straight ?"

"I did drive straight, sir ; the stump was in the middle of the road."

"Why, then, did you not go around it ?"

"Because, sir, the stump had no right in the middle of the road and I had a right there."

"True, John, the stump ought not to have been in the road ; but I wonder that you were so foolish as not to consider that it *was* there, and that it was stronger than your wagon."

"Why, father, do you think I am going to yield up my rights ? Not I. I am determined to stick up to them, come what will."

"Well, John, hereafter you must furnish your own wagon."



Horace Taken for an Idiot.

Even as a boy, Greeley was remarkable for self-abnegation. He was often buried in thought, and dead to the outside world, for hours. A curious incident is recorded of one of these studies. Young Greeley was accustomed to speak of his father as "Sir." On one occasion, as he was chopping wood by the side of the road, a man rode up and inquired the way to a distant town. Horace, who was as ignorant as the stranger, referred him to his father, saying :

"Ask Sir."

The stranger repeated his question.

"Ask Sir," was the answer.

"I am asking," roared the man.

"Wall, ask Sir," was Horace's response.

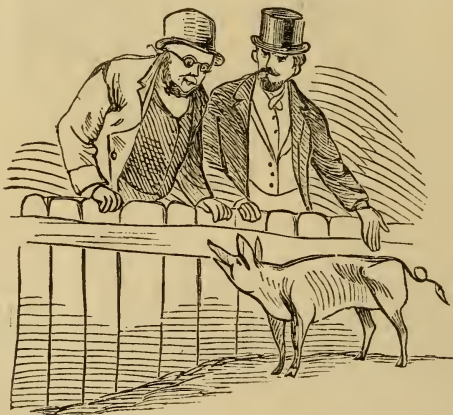
"Ain't I asking, you d—d fool ?"

"But I want you to ask Sir."

The man rode on to the next tavern, and indignantly asked who that "tow-headed fool" was, down the road.

Carpet-Baggers.

About a year after the war closed, a Southern gentleman who called on Mr. Greeley made sore complaint of the Northern carpet-baggers in his part of the country, describing some ludicrous exploits of which they had been guilty. "Well, well," said Mr. Greeley, "it is often very beneficial for the North that they do go off somewhere. While Tom Corwin was a member of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, he introduced a bill for the abolition of public punishment at the whipping-post. He made a speech thereon, to which an elderly member replied somewhat as follows: 'Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is not so old as I am, and has never seen so much of the practical operation of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut, if a fellow stole a horse, or cut up any other rusties, we used to tie him right up, and give him a real good thrashing; and he always cleared right out, and we never saw anything more of him. It is the best way of getting rid of rogues that ever was tried, and without expense to the State.' Corwin rose in reply: 'Mr. Speaker, I have been often puzzled to account for the vast immigration from Connecticut to the West; but the gentleman last up has explained it to my entire satisfaction.'"



What Horace Knew about Pigs.

Horace had a younger brother, who took infinite delight in throwing stones at an obstinate pig, who would persist in traveling the wrong way. Horace's heart always turned toward the dumb animals. It

pained him to see piggy tortured. He remonstrated with his brother, and this is the course of reasoning he pursued in his eighth year :

"Now, you oughtn't to throw stones at that hog—he don't *know* anything."



Mr. Greeley Warming his Toes.

Twenty years ago the *Tribune* office was heated by an old-fashioned hot-air furnace, sending its blasts through wooden tubes about one foot square into the various rooms, the quantity being regulated by wooden gates sliding across the tubes. On Sunday there was no heat until "Pat" fired up in the evening. On a bitter February Sunday morning Mr. Greeley hurried into the editorial room, his hands and pockets full of papers, pulled a chair to the place in the wall whence the heat should have come, kicked the slide away, and stuck as much of his feet as he could into the wooden tube. Of course it was cold and not hot air that came out, but the philosopher was absorbed in the *Herald* (not then an over-civil neighbor), and did not realize his mistake. Soon Mr. William M. Newman, then ship-news editor of the *Tribune*, entered, and seeing "the situation," said, "Why, no heat on yet?" Mr. Greeley took down his feet, and, in a half-offended tone, piped out in his peculiar whine, "Now, what did you tell me that for? I was gettin' nicely warm."

Horace Not a Poet.

The following letter explains itself. It was written in February, 1859, to the distinguished editor of the *New York Ledger* :

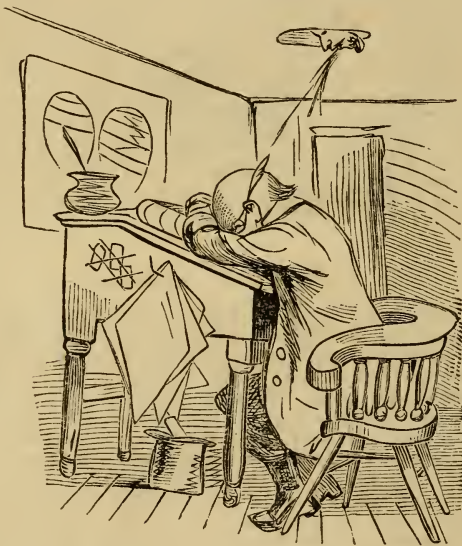
"MR. BONNER : I perceive by your *Ledger* that you propose to publish a volume made up of poems not contained in Mr. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," and I heartily wish success to your enterprise. There are genuine poems of moderate length which cannot be found in that

collection, excellent as it palpably is, and superior in value, as I deem it, to any predecessor or yet extant rival.

"But, Mr. Bonner, be good enough—you *must*—to exclude me from your poetic Pantheon. I am no poet, never was, and never shall be. True, I wrote some verses in my callow days, as I presume most persons who can make intelligible pen-marks have done. Though in structure metrical, they were in essence prosaic. They were read by few, and those few have kindly forgotten them. Let me up!

Thine,

HORACE GREELEY."



Horace's First Challenge.

While Alfred Livingston was foreman of the *Tribune* composing-room, they took down the stove in Mr. Greeley's old-fashioned dingy sanctum, where he was wont to sit on a very low chair with his chin resting on a very high desk; the stove-pipe had gone straight through the ceiling, and after its removal no provision had been made for closing the hole. Above in the composition room were three printers' stands equi-distant from the open hole. Printers are proverbially tobacco chewers. These three were tobacco-chewers extraordinary. Having covered the floor with their tobacco juice, they alternately endeavored to spit through the stove-pipe hole, using it as a target. It was a warm May day, Mr. Greeley sat underneath; and, worn out with his labors, had fallen into a gentle and innocent slumber. He had on a white

waistcoat and a clean shirt. His dreams were suddenly disturbed by a pattering on his forehead. He awoke, half blinded with the nicotine visitation, and seeing his waistcoat and shirt soiled therewith, and suspecting the source from which it came, he started up stairs at a gait that would have startled Startle. The printers, hearing him approaching, and fearing trouble, scampered to other parts of the composition room. Mr. Greeley, appearing on the scene in the character of the Gladiator, shouted, "Where is the man that spit down that hole? I can lick the man that did it? Where is he?"

"Go West, Young Man, Go West."

Mr. Greeley started on his trip across the plains in the spring of 1859. His diary, as he leaves the borders of civilization, is brief and pointed:

"May 12, Chicago—Chocolate and morning newspapers last seen on the breakfast table.

"23d, Leavenworth—Room-bells and baths make their last appearance.

"24th, Topeka—Beefsteaks and washbowls (other than tin) last visible. Barber ditto.

"26th, Manhattan—Potatoes and eggs last recognized among the blessings that 'brighten as they take their flight.' Chairs, ditto.

"27th, Junction City—Last visitation of a boot-black, with dissolving views of a board bedroom. Chairs bid us good-bye.

"28th, Pipe Creek—Benches for seats at meals have disappeared, giving place to bags and boxes. Dubious looks at several holes in the canvas covering of the wagon. Our trust is in buoyant hearts and an India-rubber blanket."

Horace on the Medical Fraternity.

At an agricultural gathering the veteran editor, introducing Dr. Underwood, the celebrated grape-grower, gravely said that Dr. Underwood had abandoned his early profession as a physician, and had turned his mind and efforts to the benefit of his fellow-men in another sphere of labor, namely, the cultivation of that healthful fruit, the grape; and he was happy to add that Dr. Underwood had in his new business been as successful in lengthening and saving the lives of his fellow-creatures as he had been before in shortening and cutting them off entirely, and that was saying a great deal for his success as an agriculturist.

Horace's Conundrum to His Proof-Reader.

The Fremont campaign profoundly interested Mr. Greeley. In those days the telegraph and mail facilities were not what they are to-day, and the election returns were tardy and untrustworthy. Mr. Greeley had compiled figures from various sources, and had a mass of

documents before him from which he expected to close his work. A number of friends demanded his attention, and while he was in conversation with them the office boy handed him an evening newspaper containing what seemed to be a carefully prepared table of the figures that he needed. Mr. Greeley grasped his scissors, cut out the table, made his comments upon the total and sent it up to the printers. The next day any close observer of the eminent statistician could have seen that he was deeply troubled. And he had reason to be. The evening newspaper had the reputation of being habitually inaccurate in its political figures, and in this case the totals that Mr. Greeley had copied were erroneous by many thousands.

Forgetting the source whence he had taken his figures, Mr. Greeley went to the composing-room direct, remonstrated with Mr. Rooker, the foreman, saying that he ought to be kicked; then to the printers, that they ought to be kicked; and finally to the proof-reader, that he ought to be kicked more soundly than all the rest. The latter meekly produced the original manuscript of Mr. Greeley, with the reprint from the evening newspaper.

"What paper is that cut from?" said Mr. Greeley.

"The Evening ——," replied the proof-reader.

Mr. Greeley, suddenly bethinking himself of the character of the newspaper, promptly, with that sense of justice which is one of his greatest attributes, turned to the proof-reader and asked, in a sad and humiliated manner, "Would you like to kick me?"

Jokes from Horace's Manuscript.

It is widely known that Mr. Greeley's penmanship is, to say the least, queer. When he was a boy he built snake fence on hilly land. He is still building snake fence on paper. Anecdotes on this head are unnumbered. A page of his manuscript, in which the editor had quoted, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," fell into the hands of Peter Hackett, an Irish compositor, who rendered it thus: "What the divil is this—'tis five, 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty, 'tis 'tis fifty-two'—what does it mane, at all?"

Years ago, Donald C. Henderson, now editor of the *Allegan (Mich.) Journal*, but then Horace's walking encyclopædia of politics, had many of the philosopher's strongest points; he wrote even a worse hand; he walked as badly; he was an imitator of Mr. Greeley's toilet; but what allied them was the fact that Don had a penchant for political statistics. Mr. Greeley often detected errors in his tables, and two or three times discharged him; he clung to his place, however, for, said his fellow-workmen, his "cheek" was as boundless as the Western prairies whence he came. One day Mr. Greeley saw him at the exchange newspapers, and said, "Don, what are you doing there? I thought I discharged you long ago?" "I know you did, Mr. Greeley; but I've got a good place, and ain't goin'." That joke was even too much for Horace, and Don's official life died a natural death. He went only when he got ready. One of Don's acquirements was his ability to read Mr. Greeley's writing at sight as easily as print, but his remarks to compositors who

bothered him were rude to the last degree. To a compositor who asked him to read a word which Mr. Greeley had written in a religious article, Don, with a contemptuous sneer, snarled out: "Eucharist, you darned fool; did you never play euchre?"

The printer will now and then give a sharp retort, as well as receive one. Calling a proof-reader's excuse that the "copy" was not plain: "What! that not plain? Why, any fool can see that." "So I find," retorted the proof-reader, walking off with a chuckle.

Horace's Proof-Reading.

Twenty-two years ago, Mr. Monroe F. Gale, the present foreman of the *Times*, was employed in the composing room of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Greeley had a high respect for his ability. A proof was sent to Mr. Greeley in which the word wagon was spelled with two g's; the great philosopher crossed one of them out, but when the *Tribune* appeared the next day the correction had not been made. Mr. Greeley impatiently summoned Mr. Gale and remonstrated with him mildly (because he did not wish to lose the services of so competent a man) for not correcting his proof properly.

Mr. Gale replied that the word wagon had been spelled from time immemorial with two g's and he knew his business as well as any man. Mr. Greeley, in a half persuasive, half apologetic tone, responded, "Well you know, Gale, they used to build wagons bigger than they do now."

A Cincinnati Ham.

A friend in Cincinnati sent a ham to the *Tribune* office for Mr. Greeley. He received a letter advising him that a ham had been sent him by express. At 11 o'clock that night, as he was going home, he stepped into the publication office and inquired of Mr. David P. Rhoades whether there was a ham for him. David replied that a ham had been there, but that it had stepped out with Mr. Ottarson, and, he supposed, was already in the pot.

Horace—"Pot be hanged, what made you give that ham to Ott when it was mine?"

David—"How did I know it was yours?"

Horace—"It had my name on it."

David—"There was no name on it, and Ott said it was his, so I gave it to him."

Horace—"Well, Dave, you might have known it was mine."

Next day when Horace arrived in the office he assailed Mr. Ottarson with, "What made you steal my ham?"

Ottarson—"Who stole your ham?"

Horace—"You did; Dave Rhoades said you took it."

Mr. Ottarson admitted that he had taken it, but added that Dave had given it to him. Whereat—

Horace—"I can't have a thing sent to me but some thief in the office

steals it. Snow stole my basket of plums, Tom Rooker stole my apples, Sam Wilkeson carried off my maple sugar, Solon walked off with half a tub of butter, and Ed. Underhill took a whole bushel of peaches to his Unitary Home, at least so Amos Cumming says, and now, Ott, you've stolen that ham. The office is full of thieves."

Mr. Snow—"See here, Horace, if you don't take that back I'll sue you for slander."

Horace—"Bring that basket here, and I *will* take it back."



How Sandusky was Saved from Famine.

As a convincing illustration of the genuine love of fun that is in the man, we present the following, which Mr. Greeley clipped from the *Buffalo Republic* and reproduced in the *Tribune*:

"One of the most agreeable duties of journalism is to chronicle the heroic deeds of those whom chance or unusual natural developments have rendered benefactors to the human race. It is a part of our legitimate province to rescue the fame of such individuals from oblivion, and by enacting the part of the historian, to hand their name and the

records of their achievements down to the admiration and gratitude of future generations. The village philanthropist or the benefactor of a local community is as much a part of the history of his time as the heroes of a State, or as the sacred geese at the rock Tarpeia saved Rome from the horrors of a sack. Our duty in the present instance is to relate a similar occurrence which transpired much nearer home. Years ago, when the course of trade ran in a counter direction to what we now behold, owing to a severe drouth the city of Sandusky was suffering all the horrors of a protracted famine. The water on the bar at the mouth of the bay was so low that vessels were unable to reach the port, and as there was no land transportation at that time which could be relied upon in a case of sudden emergency, it appeared as if Providence had forsaken the place entirely, and that its inhabitants must soon perish. For days and weeks their stock of provisions had been gradually disappearing, until soon all was gone, and their only reliance was upon the few fish which they were enabled to obtain from the waters of the bay and an occasional meagre supply of game from the neighboring forest. At the time of which we write the woods in that vicinity, and, in fact, throughout the Western reserve, were frequented by vast numbers of wild hogs, which obtained a bountiful subsistence and grew fat upon the shack which everywhere abounded. These hogs were doubtless originally estrays, but the sparseness of the population in the interior and the rapidity with which they multiplied rendered them strangers to man and very shy of his presence. During the drouth of which mention has already been made, large droves of these animals wended their way to the lake, in the neighborhood of which they continued to remain. Sandusky Bay, in particular, was a favorite place of resort for them, in the waters of which they were accustomed to wallow, after slaking their thirst. Those who are acquainted with the locality with which we speak, will remember the annoyance to which the early settlers were exposed in the shape of a fine, red sand which covered the beach, and which, in times of high wind, was not only exceedingly troublesome, but dangerous. Thousands of hogs, in consequence of frequenting this spot, became totally blind; but still, with all the cunning which belongs to this perverse race in their natural state, they continued to elude the hunters. One day, when the famine in the city was at its height, and when it was apparent that even the strongest must soon succumb, Joe B—— took down his gun and resolved to make a last effort to rescue his wife and little ones from a fate the most horrible of which the mind has any conception. All day long had their sunken eyes and shriveled hands implored him in vain for bread; and, alas, he knew too well that not within the whole city was there a mouthful to be had, though he were to offer in exchange thrice its weight in gold. Nerved to desperation by this reflection, but still with feeble steps, he took his way to the forest, resolved not to return without relief in some shape. For a long time he hunted in vain, traversing miles of weary pathway without so much as seeing a single evidence of animated nature, until he was on the point of yielding to despair. At this moment a noise as of approaching footsteps attracted his attention, and he paused with every faculty rendered keen by hunger to listen. Nearer and nearer came the tramping, and just as Joe, to screen himself from observation, took

shelter behind a tree, a wild hog emerged from a thicket advancing directly toward him, followed immediately by another and another still. The hunter, trembling with anxiety and excitement, raised his gun but suddenly paused in astonishment at the phenomenon before him. The drove (for drove there was) was approaching him in Indian file, and headed direct for the bay. *The second hog held in his mouth the tail of the first, third that of the second, and so on to the number of sixty and upward, each was holding fast to the caudal appendage of his predecessor, and all were being led by the foremost of the drove, and he, being the only one that could see, was thus conveying his afflicted companions.* The hunter comprehended the situation in a moment and instantly decided his course. Raising his gun deliberately, he fired and severed the tail of the leader close to the root. His affrighted leadership, with a loud squeal, bounded into the thicket and disappeared, while his blind companions came to a dead halt. Joe quickly divested himself of his boots and crept stealthily up to the first of the band, which stood quietly holding in his mouth the amputated tail of his former conductor. This the hunter seized and commenced gently pulling upon it. First one hog started, then another, until soon, like a train of cars, all were in motion, and, without pausing to rest for a single instant, Joe led them quietly into a huge pen near his residence, where they were soon slaughtered *and the city was saved.*"

Retort to Alfred Livingston.

"Alf" Livingston, as he was familiarly styled by the boys, was one of the smartest printers that ever entered New York. He was swift at the case, and could "make up" a page in the time ordinarily taken to lay out the plans. His skill made him a favorite with Mr. Greeley. The editor of the *Oxford Times* had come to the city to buy a typographical suit which the *Tribune* was about to cast off, and as Mr. Greeley knew nothing of the details of the printing-office he took the *Oxford* editor up to Foreman Livingston. Horace stood aside, reading that morning's *Tribune*, while the *Oxford Times* man and Mr. Livingston were chatting. "Why, Alf," at length broke in Mr. Greeley, "here's a dead advertisement; if it had been left out there might have been space for another nice little paragraph." "Possibly that might not have been no improvement," retorted the waggish foreman. "Well," said Mr. Greeley, turning on his heels, "it mightn't if I'd such men as you in the editorial rooms."

On the Command at New Orleans.

One night when Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, on his way to Washington, called in at the *Tribune* office to see Mr. Greeley, they had a conversation upon matters that were under discussion in the Federal City, and especially in relation to the dissatisfaction of some persons with the change proposed in Butler's command at New Orleans. Mr. Greeley ventured the opinion that maybe Banks wouldn't satisfy them

either. "I'll tell you, Wilson," said Mr. G., "it's all contained in the little story of the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His bootmaker implicitly obeyed his instructions; but as he tried the smaller boot upon the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly, 'Confound the fellow, I ordered him to make one larger than the other, and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other.'"



The Wrong Pig by the Ear.

A storm arose in the *Tribune* editorial rooms, one morning in 1862, when Mr. Greeley's eye detected an error of punctuation which reversed the meaning of one of his own leaders. It annoyed him beyond endurance, and his vexation found vent in loud exclamations. At length Mr. Ripley edged in a word, and explained that nobody on the editorial rooms floor was responsible—that it was a proof-room blunder. "Then," said Mr. Greeley, springing from his chair and making long strides towards the hen-coop on the composing-room floor occupied by the proof-readers, "we must have readers who know something." The first man he met was the then aged (now deceased) Myles Murphy, and to him he delivered a volley of abuse, winding up with, "You're not fit to be here; do get another place; I'll give you fifty dollars to get out of this." Myles tried to speak, but Mr. Greeley's tongue was too rapid for him, and before he could frame a sentence Horace had vanished, leaving the poor proof-reader too thoroughly frightened to tell even his fellow-workmen—as he subsequently did—that he had no more to do with the reading of that proof than the man in the moon. It had been read by another man.

Horace's Opinion of Wall Street.

Just after Lincoln's first election, an ardent Republican sent a basket of wine to Mr. Greeley. The *Tribune's* chief was out of town, and the basket lay under his desk two days untouched. "What's this?" cried he on his return. "Why, it's a basket of wine with which to celebrate our victory," replied the unrivalled musical critic, Fry, at the same time calling in Mr. Snow, the financial editor, to test the wine. "Don't they know that I never drink? Here, Snow," continued Horace, "take this stuff down to Wall street and give it to the thieves."

Weed and Seward at Church.

Some time before the Chicago Convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, Thurlow Weed and Wm. H. Seward, on a Sunday evening, went to Dr. Chapin's church, and at their request were ushered to Mr. Greeley's pew, and were already comfortably in possession before his arrival. On his return to the *Tribune* office he mentioned the circumstance to Franklin J. Ottarson and Myron H. Rooker. Mr. Ottarson said, "Well, what did they say?" "Nothing," responded Mr. G. "What did you say?" "Nothing." "Where was the text?" inquired Myron, solicitously. The text? Let me see; it was in Isaiah — 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.' That was it." Myron asked whether they joined in the singing. Mr. Greeley said, "Well, I suppose they did. I gave them a hymn-book." Mr. Ottarson shouted so that Mr. G. could hear him in his inner room, "You never sing!" Mr. Greeley, after a long pause, said, "Don't I?"

Catch a Weasel Asleep.

During the memorable famine in Kansas a number of the public-spirited gentlemen of New York gathered in the house of Seth B. Hunt, and Horace Greeley was called to preside. The question was, "What steps should be taken to alleviate the sufferings of the Kansas people?" It was decided to organize a Committee of Relief, and that an address should be framed with a statement of the case. All in the room were of opinion that Mr. Greeley was the man to write that address. Every one looked toward the Chairman, who seemed to be taking a comfortable nap. One and another said, "He's asleep." Thaddeus Hyatt said, "Not he; you don't catch a weasel asleep." At that instant, and without raising his head or opening his eyes, Mr. Greeley said, "Well, if you think so then I'll write it; what is the further pleasure of the meeting?"

Horace's Costliest Watch.

The philosopher carried with no little pride a fine \$350 chronometer gold watch, presented to him by the *Tribune* printers. It would have kept accurate time if the owner had wound it, but that he seldom did;

and when he tried, it was an even chance that he would set the key on the hands, and after whirling them around a dozen times think the job done. An hour afterward, on looking for the time, he wondered "why the thing wouldn't go." One night, as he was going home, he asked Mr. David P. Rhoades, the night clerk, for \$5. David handed it out, and Horace jammed it into his waistcoat pocket as far as his fingers would go. On the car his watch was stolen. The next day when he reached the office he told the story of the robbery, winding up with, "They stole the watch, but they didn't get my five dollars." The theft was made known to Col. Charles S. Spencer, the noted criminal lawyer. He sent word to one of the chief "knucks" that if Mr. Greeley's watch was not in his hands within twenty-four hours, the first of the gang that should be "nipped" would get the full benefit of the law. In less than twenty-four hours Col. Spencer handed the watch to the astonished philosopher.

"Pub. Doc."

Horace, in speaking of his trip across the plains, says: "Of the seventeen bags on which I have ridden for the last four days, at least sixteen are filled with large bound books, mainly Patent Office Reports, I judge. * * * * I have spent four days and five nights in close contact with the sharp edges of 'Pub. Doc.'; have done my very utmost to make them present a smooth, or at least endurable, surface; and I am sure there is no slumber to be extracted therefrom, except by reading them—a desperate resort which no rational person would recommend."

"You See How it is Yourself."

When he went to the World's Fair, in London, Mr. Greeley was to be on board the *Baltic*, at the foot of Canal street, at 12 o'clock, sharp. He sat at his desk writing for the *Tribune* until very nearly a quarter to 12. Suddenly he sprang up, clapped on that famous hat, seized a small carpet-bag, and pushed toward the door, saying, "Boys, I'm off for Europe—somebody read my proof." A carriage was ready, and he was just in time. When he returned he made for the office with equal economy of time, dashed up stairs, and, without waiting to speak to any one, or even take off his hat, was instantly at work at an account of the remarkably quick passage of the steamer *Baltic*. A friend entering, greeted him with, "Why, Horace, have you got to work so soon?" "Well," replied Horace, "you see how it is yourself." This is supposed to have been the origin of the well-known phrase, which has been attributed to Wm. M. Tweed.

Mr. Greeley's Peculiarly Truthful Greeting.

Scientists say they can tell what a man is by the style of his salutation. If this is true, it is easy to measure the frank democracy of the

great farmer-editor. The meaningless "good morning," and all the preliminary rites of recognition are little to him. Instead of "Good morning, Mr. or Judge," his favorite manner to known friends is to give your hand a hearty shake, saying, "Waal, sinner, how air you?"



"Pickie" and the Cow.

Mr. Greeley's first child was his favorite "Pickie" (Arthur Young Greeley), the boy he so often carried to and from the office astride his shoulders, and whose early death was the great sorrow of the good man's life. When the boy was two or three years old the family lived at Turtle Bay, then a fine rural retreat on the East River, near Fiftieth street. One day Mr. Greeley took his boy over to General James B. Swain's, in Murray street, near Greenwich, about five miles distant. Mrs. Greeley had fed the boy on milk fresh and warm from his own cow, and would not trust to any other lacteal food. The cow must go, and the fond father himself drove the animal down and back, and Pickie was properly fed.

Mr. Greeley's Sense of Justice.

During his apprenticeship Horace had a vacation, which he improved by a visit to his father's relatives in New Hampshire. Describing his journey, which he made on foot, he says:

"Reaching Stoddard, a small village half-way up a high hill, I stepped into a convenient tavern and called for dinner. My breakfast had been early, and the keen air and rough walk had freshened my appetite. I

was shown into a dining-room with a well-spread table in the centre, and left to help myself. 'What is to pay?' I asked of the landlord on entering the bar-room. 'Dinner, eighteen and three-quarter cents,' he replied. I laid down the required sum and stepped off, mentally resolving that I would, in mercy to that tavern, never patronize it again."



Horace Giving his Friends the Slip.

Some time ago Mr. Greeley went to Kingston to lecture, and it was necessary for him to remain there all night. United States Marshal Sharpe took him to his house, and made him as comfortable as he could. The most influential men of the place made arrangements that night to meet in the morning for the purpose of giving Horace a start-off such as they deemed worthy of the man. Accordingly, the gentlemen of the town got up earlier than usual and proceeded to their meeting-place, but it was soon ascertained that Mr. G. had arisen earlier than any of them, and escaping from the Marshal's house, carpet-bag in hand, had trudged down the road and crossed the river, thus cutting his friends out of the good time they had so warmly anticipated.

Who will Sell Mr. Greeley's Farm.

When Mr. Greeley first bought land in Westchester County every body laughed at his notion of managing a farm, and one friend said, "Horace, you'll be sick of living in the country within two years, and your place will be advertised for sale." "Then," responded Horace, "the sheriff's name will be at the foot of the advertisement."

Other friends remonstrated with Mr. Greeley on the expensiveness of his farming operations. "Do you not perceive," said one, "that your hired man does not more than half work?" "Certainly," replied Horace, "I am quite aware of it; were he disposed to be efficient he would work his own land, and not mine."

The Nine Days' Struggle for the Speakership.

Mr. Greeley is not only great on ordinary occasions, but specially great on extraordinary occasions. Perhaps he is greatest of all when he is in his righteous wrath, and his soul is stirred up to rebuke the politically foolish and wicked; but like all others who rebuke sinners he is liable to unpleasant consequences. One of the occasions on which Mr. Greeley rose to an unusual altitude of wrath under great provocation will be remembered by those who were on that memorable day in Washington, when the long fight was begun in the House of Representatives which didn't end in making John Sherman Speaker, but did produce no end of a row about the Helper book and various other things which contributed to hasten the war.

It had been all fixed, on the Republican side, to make John Sherman Speaker, but to do it the votes of a few who were not square Republicans had to be counted, and especially the vote of the Hon. Geo. Briggs, who was a whilom Know-Nothing, but who knew as much as most folks about some things.

The hall and the galleries were crowded; expectation stood not only on tip-toe, but fairly tipped forward, waiting to see and hear Sherman elected. Mr. Greeley was conspicuous in the first row of seats in the reporters' gallery, the observed of all observers, but himself as calm as the calmest of unruffled frog-ponds, and as sure of Sherman's election as an astronomer of the appearance of a comet once in twenty thousand years. To some who suggested that possibly Sherman might miss an election at the first go-off, Mr. Greeley replied with a smile of bland and confident wisdom, and pointed to his slate, the roll of the members, where he had them all down, and the count footed up satisfactorily.

The roll-call was begun; Clark, of Missouri, arose and flung the Helper book at Sherman; Sherman, Grow, Burlingame, and fifty others threw it back; the engagement became general; Briggs, under the fire, retreated behind the Know-Nothing barricade, and didn't vote for Sherman. Bedlam intensified broke loose in the hall; and finally Judge Kellogg, of Illinois, got his two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois to a perpendicular, and with his stentorian voice moved that the House "do now adjourn," and quicker than Buffalo Bill could skin an Indian the House did adjourn.

Then it was that Mr. Greeley's immense ability in venting his righteous indignation was demonstrated. He swelled with wrath; he seethed in his hot displeasure; he boiled over with lingual rage. To say in just what terms he cursed the whole Republican party in Congress for a pack of fools, cowards, ninny-hammers, dough-faces, imbeciles, and misbegotten jackasses, would involve a use of all the objurgatory words in the dictionary and of some not yet invented.

The crowd around Mr. Greeley were awe-struck, nearly stunned, by his explosion, and as much so by the way in which he kept up the eruption of his volcanic rage.

Through the passage-ways, down the steps, through the grounds, along the avenue, all the way to the National Hotel, strode the philosopher, consigning the delinquent Congress and Kellogg, of Illinois, especially, to all the wrath attainable in this life, and any odds and ends of wrath that there may be in the world to come. Everybody made way for the *Tribune* editor, and then it was we recalled the Homeric description of Achilles when he moved along in his wrath.



But Mr. Greeley's duty was only half done. Without waiting for meat or drink, or to salute any man by the way, he went to the telegraph office and sent along the wires a half column of that which had been so eloquently pouring hot from his expressive lips, and it was the double-leaded leader in the next day's *Tribune*.

Mr. Greeley rested from his labors until the arrival of the *Tribune* next evening, and after that he didn't rest so much. There was fun of a lively sort in the National Hotel. Somebody showed Judge Kellogg the *Tribune*—somebody always will show these things to the wrong man—and the Judge arose with a stern and sudden resolve on his broad countenance, and said:

"I'll lick that d—d old white-coated cuss before I eat my supper." But he didn't do it.

The Judge was fat and couldn't walk fast; a reporter outstripped him in carrying the news of his benevolent intentions to Mr. Greeley, and that inoffensive man, his duty now being done, and his wrath abated, and not desiring to hurt Judge Kellogg, as he never was known to hurt a fly, picked up his carpet-bag, and the train for New York, which was just starting, took the white coat and its great occupant out of the District.

"Kellogg is waiting for you in Washington," wrote the *Tribune* correspondent, James S. Pike, a day or two afterward.

"Let him wait," was Horace's laconic letter in reply.

Reply to the Hon. James Brooks.

Mr. Greeley having been nominated to fill an unexpired term in the Thirtieth Congress, a gentleman in the interest of the Hon. Jas. Brooks, of the *Express*, also a candidate for Congress, called upon Horace to inquire what should be done to secure their election. "Tell Mr. Brooks," replied Mr. Greeley, "that we have only to keep so still that no particular attention will be called to us, and General Taylor will carry us both in. There are not voters enough in the district who care about either of us, one way or the other, to swamp the majority that the Taylor electors cannot fail to receive." The returns proved the correctness of Mr. Greeley's reply.

The Price of Legislators.

In a recent conversation which Mr. A. M. Bliss, of Brooklyn, had with Mr. Greeley, the cheapness of legislative votes at Albany was alluded to. Mr. G. said he remembered a story which aptly illustrated the purity of some men who undertook to represent constituencies in legislative halls. "It was of Mary Russell Mitford. A gentleman once entered a room and found her seated in state, surrounded by a company who, instead of showing any veneration for Miss Mitford, were tittering. He soon saw that it was on account of a yellow turban she wore, and which had evidently struck her fancy and been purchased on her way to the party, as the tradesman's ticket was still adhering to the back of it, marked, 'Very chaste. Only 5s. 6d.!'"

Mr. Beecher's Grant Speech in the Brooklyn Academy.

Senator Fenton, who met Mr. Greeley in the Fifth Avenue Hotel soon after Rev. H. W. Beecher's non-committal speech "for Grant" in the Brooklyn Academy, asked him whether he had read it? He said he had, but Mr. Beecher's real opinions were of greater consequence than his merely political compliments; for example, in his lecture upon the "Burdens of Society," he remembered Mr. Beecher to have said this (and you'll see his views on the "one term principle"): "Trees change their bark every year, and as fast as it is renewed the old is cast away. When it begins to crack and peel off, it becomes the abode of insects and worms and vermin. Now, if you were to ask the trees whether they do not think the old bark had better be taken away, they would answer yes, of course." ["Good! good!" exclaimed the Senator.] "Yes, but," said H. G., "listen to what follows. 'Ask the vermin the same question, and they would answer no, unanimously. Vermin is conservative the world over. The office-holders, who want things the old way that they may retain their sinecures and positions of ease, are the vermin of society.' That's Mr. Beecher's opinion."

Blockheads of the Union League.

Mr. Greeley addressed the following letter to the Union League Club, May 23, 1857:

"BY THESE PRESENTS, GREETING.

"GENTLEMEN—I was favored on the 16th inst. by an official note from our ever courteous President, John Jay, notifying me that a requisition had been presented to him for a special meeting of this club at an early day, to take into consideration the conduct of Horace Greeley, a member of the club, who has become a bondsman for Jefferson Davis, late chief of the rebel government.

* * * * *

"Chancing to enter the club-room one evening, I received a full broadside of your scowls. I was soon made to comprehend that I had no sympathizers, or none who dared seem such, in your crowded assemblage.

* * * * *

"Upon the Republicans having by desperate effort handsomely carried our State, a cry arose from several quarters that I ought to be chosen United States senator. At once kind and discreet friends swarmed about me, whispering, 'Only keep still about universal amnesty, and your election is certain. Just be quiet a few weeks, and you can say what you please thereafter. You have no occasion to speak now.' I slept on the well-meant suggestion, and deliberately concluded that I could not, in justice to myself, defer to it. I could not purchase office by even passive, negative dissimulation.

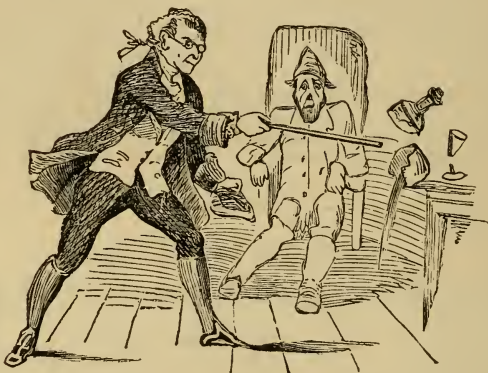
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"Gentlemen, I shall not attend your meeting this evening. I have an engagement out of town, and shall keep it. I do not recognize you

as capable of judging or even fully apprehending me. You evidently regard me as a weak sentimentalist, misled by a maudlin philosophy. I arraign you as narrow-minded blockheads, who would like to be useful to a great and good cause, but don't know how."

After reading this letter, the club almost unanimously passed the following:

"*Resolved*, That there is nothing in the action of Horace Greeley relative to the bailing of Jefferson Davis calling for proceedings in this club."



Striking at the Seat of the Disease.

When Mr. Greeley severed his connection with the Whig party, he gave his reasons for his sudden action in the following brief anecdote:

"Doctor," said a querulous, suffering invalid, who had paid a good deal of money for physic to little apparent purpose, "you don't seem to reach the seat of my disease. Why don't you strike at the seat of my disorder?"

"Well, I will," was the prompt reply, "if you insist on it," and, lifting his cane, he smashed the brandy bottle on the sideboard.

A Good One on Roscoe Conkling.

Very early in the untoward career of United States Senator Conkling, Mr. Fenton, having uncommon faith in human nature, suggested to Mr. Greeley that his colleague might see the error of his course and try another tack. Mr. Greeley said: "Governor, you deserve credit for your excellent wishes, and I think that ordinarily it is best to give a man a chance to get right, but you must know by this time that

some men act as no man of common sense would, because they can't do any other way, and when they're in that melancholy fix they won't get right anyhow. They remind me of the little fellow who went to Sunday school and couldn't tell the teacher the number of the house in which he lived. The teacher told him to be sure and bring it on the following Sunday. The next time he appeared he was asked whether he had brought the number, and he said: 'No, sir; it was nailed on the door so tight that I couldn't get it off.' That's the way it is with some men; as Jim Nye once said, 'they've got it bad.'"

Number One.

Mr. Greeley, while dining with a well-known merchant of New York at Delmonico's one evening a few months ago, in answer to his (the merchant's) question concerning Grant's proposal to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number of the people, said: "On a certain occasion—that of a little dinner arrangement, just like our own here—Lord John Russell said to Mr. Hume, "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number," was the reply. "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued Russell. "Number one, my lord," was the Commoner's prompt reply. I think that answers your question, sir."

Hamilton Fish.

A gentleman of political prominence, intending to congratulate Mr. Greeley upon the correct position of the *Tribune* in relation to Secretary of State Hamilton Fish, did it in this way:

"Greeley, there is no mistake but you are *au fait* on the Fish question." "Well," replied Mr. G., "there's no harm in knowing something about the lower animals. Agassiz says in one of his lectures, 'When we see how from the horizontal position which the fish occupies in its *natural* element there is gradually an advance by the rising of the head—the rest of the body remaining horizontal—and the next step is to rise on a pair of legs, the anterior part standing on a long neck, which is *unsteady*, and then we pass over to the mammalia, where, beginning as it were anew, we ascend from the whale-like type gradually to the monkey and then to man. It is perfectly evident that this scale of gradation, followed from the beginning to the end and retained, is the type according to which the animals of the present time shall be constructed.'"

Visitor—"Why, Mr. G., you are a Darwinian."

Mr. Greeley—"Am I? That was what Agassiz said, and he added, 'It is only at the highest stage of the whole development that we find man,' and I think so, too. I suppose that accounts for some men calling each other curious Fish."

The First Mention of Mr. Greeley's Name in Connection with the Presidency.

On taking his seat in the Thirtieth Congress, Mr. Greeley vigorously attacked the old mileage abuse, and was bitterly opposed by many of his fellow-members, and at length it was gravely proposed to expel him. "The movement," says Mr. Greeley, "was crushed by a terse interrogatory remonstrance from Long John Wentworth, then a leading Democrat. "Why, you blessed fools, do you want to make him President?"

Why Horace Never Declined.

When asked why he had repeatedly assured his friends that he would not decline any nomination until he had received it, Mr. Greeley retold one of Abraham Lincoln's stories, as follows :

"Many years ago," said Lincoln, "when I was a young lawyer, and Illinois was little settled, except on her southern border, I, with other lawyers, used to ride the circuit, journeying with the judge from county seat to county seat in quest of business. Once, after a long spell of pouring rain, which had flooded the whole country, transforming small creeks into rivers, we were often stopped by these swollen streams, which we with difficulty crossed. Still ahead of us was Fox River, larger than all the rest ; and we could not help saying to each other, 'If these streams give us so much trouble, how shall we get over Fox River ?' Darkness fell before we reached that stream, and we all stopped at a log tavern, had our horses put out, and resolved to pass the night. Here we were right glad to fall in with the Methodist Presiding Elder of the Circuit, who rode it in all weather, knew all its ways, and could tell us all about Fox River. So we all gathered around him and asked him whether he knew about the crossing of Fox River. 'O yes,' he replied, 'I know all about Fox River ; I have crossed it often, and understand it well ; but I have one fixed rule with regard to Fox River—I never cross it until I reach it.'"

The Cincinnati Platform News.

The soon to-be candidate, Mr. Greeley, was very anxious about the platform in its progress through the Convention on the second day of the session. There was a long struggle, and the result was dubious. At noon a boy entered the *Tribune* office with a dispatch for Mr. G. It was taken to his room. In half a minute he was in the publication office ; his beaming face told good news. "Hah ! hah ! hah ! hoo-oo ! We've got 'em on platform. Now I don't care who they nominate."





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